

GREAT RUSSIAN OFFENSIVE HAS BEGUN — GERMAN OFFICIAL

The Daily Mirror

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One Halfpenny.

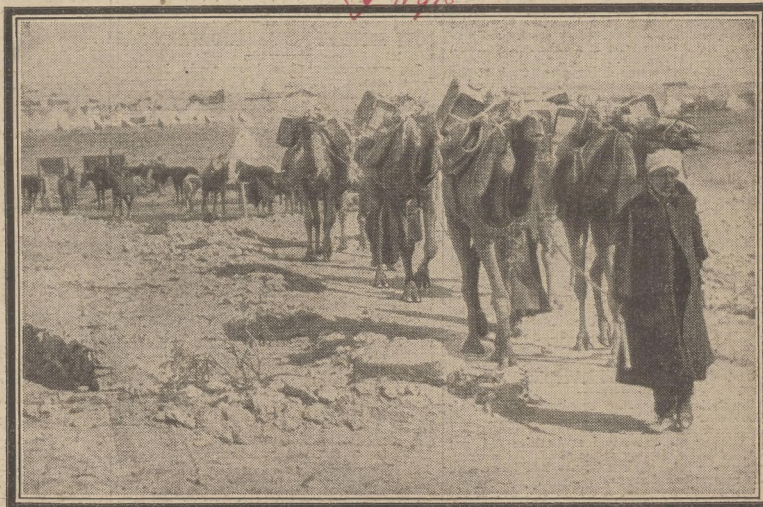
ROUT OF THE SENUSSI TRIBESMEN IN EGYPT: SURRENDER OF
GAAFAR PASHA, THE TURKISH GENERAL.



Gaafar Pasha being assisted on board the picket boat which took him out to the warship on which he was taken to Alexandria.



Gaafar Pasha accompanied by a British officer.



A captive tribesman leading his camels. He has been made a prisoner.

A brilliant success has been scored by our arms in Western Egypt, where the Senussi tribesmen have been completely defeated. They were commanded by Gaafar Pasha, the Turkish general, who is among our prisoners. He was severely wounded in the

arm and surrendered to us during the battle in which the tribesmen were routed. The town of Sollum, from which the British retreated at the beginning of the revolt, was recaptured after an irresistible advance of 160 miles.

'AIRMEN MURDERED' SAYS MR. BILLING.

Ready to Produce Evidence That Will Shock House.

"QUILL DRIVING" PILOTS.

"A large number of our gallant officers in the Royal Flying Corps have been murdered rather than killed in action. Everyone of our pilots knows that if he gets back (from the German lines) it will be due rather to luck and skill than to any excellence in his machine."

A sensational speech, from which these passages are taken, was made by Mr. Pemberton Billing, the famous airman, in the House of Commons last night.

The main points in Mr. Billing's forty-five minutes' criticism of the air service were as follows:—

The Grand Fleet does not possess a single machine which could be usefully employed in all weather conditions.

While the German Fleet has fifty or one hundred eyes, we should go into action absolutely blind.

Immediate steps should be taken to ascertain exactly what provision our Grand Fleet demands for either "spotting" or preventing enemy airships from finding out their positions and movements.

I feel ashamed as I walk about our darkened streets at the humiliation which has been put upon us by Germany.

These things need not be if the Government would boldly grasp the nettle and give the country the air service we ought to possess.

FOUR REMEDIES.

Mr. Billing suggested four ways out of the present middle:

1. The amalgamation of the Royal Naval Air Service and the Royal Flying Corps, under a controlling board selected from the heads of those services.

2. The development of those services on independent lines under one political chief.

3. The conjunction of the productive and the financial departments of those services.

4. The creation of a new force responsible for the production of all air material and for all the services which did not form an integral part of the naval and military operations.

"I do not intend to deal with the colossal blunders of the Royal Flying Corps, though there have been here hundreds or thousands of machines ordered by that corps which were spoken of by air pilots at the front as 'fodder,'" said Mr. Billing.



Mr. Pemberton Billing.

"There is no reason why every Zeppelin in Germany should not be blown up within the next six months."

"If we gave our airman a free hand we should regain the supremacy of the air."

Mr. Billing declared that he did not intend to wash the dirty linen of the Air Service on the floor of the House, but only to impress and shock and shame the Government was to give facts and figures he would not hesitate.

Thirty of our first-class pilots were "quill-driving" instead of machine-driving.

Mr. Tennant, Under-Secretary for War, who replied, said it was grotesquely absurd and untrue to say that we were in a third-rate position with regard to the air.

The air service was doing great work at the front, and the General in Commanding was thoroughly satisfied with what had been supplied to him.

The word "murder" which the hon. gentleman had used in connection with the deaths of airmen was one which ought not to have been used.

"IF I AM CHALLENGED."

Mr. Billing: I repeat that statement, and in the right hon. gentleman wishes to challenge it, I will produce such evidence that will shake the House. (Laughter, and cries of "Produce it now!")

Mr. Billing went on to say that in this week's raid on Zebrugga not twenty per cent. of the machines were British. The rest were French and Belgian.

Mr. Tennant, after remarking that Mr. Billing had still done nothing to justify his charge of murder, went on to detail the difficulties that a defensive force had in combating enemy aeroplane raids.

RAID REVELATIONS.

Revelations regarding Sunday's air raid on Zebrugga were made by Mr. Joynton-Eicks, His chief assertions were:—

At Ramsgate the naval authorities did not authorise the blowing of the siren, giving warning of the raid, till the bombs had fallen and the raiders had disappeared.

The result was that one man and five or six children were killed.

He was asked by the mayor to say that if the siren had been blown twice as many children were going to Sunday school would have been kept at home, and the slaughter of these innocent ones would not have taken place.

In February 2 two enemy aeroplanes flew in close proximity to a squad of armed Territorials. They did not fire because there was no officer present to give an order to this effect.

"MORE MEN" PLANS.

War Office Considers General Compulsion and Raising of Military Age.

THE HUSBAND'S CALL.

The call to the next eight groups of married men, says the London News Agency, will be issued on Saturday or Monday.

Conferences took place at the War Office yesterday between members of the Cabinet and the military authorities in regard to the general position of recruiting.

Arrangements are being made to withdraw from the trades those men who have been married, but in view of the time that must be taken in following this course the call to married men cannot be delayed.

It is further believed that it is not the intention of the authorities to extend the age limit under the Military Service Act.

In War Office circles yesterday, says the Press Association, there was manifested a general disposition to believe that general compulsory military service would be necessary shortly, unless the numbers of men available for the Army for immediate training were greatly increased.

It was stated that the million additional men sanctioned some months ago, making an Army of 4,000,000 in all, had only been partially secured. Both the group system and the Military Service Act had failed, it was mentioned, to produce the sufficiency of recruits.

There are three courses for satisfying immediate needs: immediate call to the remaining married groups (probably during the present week-end), although it may be deferred for a short period; extension of military age to forty-five, or perhaps fifty; general compulsory service.

It is understood that no final decision has been reached on the first point, although it is felt that the call to the married groups cannot usefully be postponed beyond the present week.

"THE BARTON MYSTERY."

Murder, Magic and Mystery Play at the Savoy Theatre.

"The Barton Mystery," which Mr. H. B. Irving produced at the Savoy Theatre last night, transplanted us as though by a touch of magic to the memory of other days and another Irving.

It is a play of murder and mystery and dreams, a play that is permeated with a dark and sinister atmosphere, yet full of comic character.

The part of Beverley, the man of visions—with a taste for strong spirits—is one that would have delighted the late Sir Henry Irving. It was a character certainly made for Mr. H. B. Irving, with his mordant wit and suggestion of inevitable tragedy.

When the curtain rises on the Barton mystery, Mr. Barton has been murdered and Mr. Harry Maitland is under sentence of death for the murder.

Maitland is innocent we believe, and we are also led to believe that the wife of Richard Standish, M.P., can prove his innocence at the expense of her own good name.

That is the problem with which we are faced, and the play proceeds from thrill to thrill.

Miss Jessie Winter gave an admirable performance as the wife, and Mr. H. V. Esmond was perfect as the husband.

Mr. Irving's Beverley is quite inimitable.

POST OFFICE TO GIVE RAID WARNINGS

An arrangement has been made between Lord French, the Home Office and the Post Office by which notice of approaching air raids will be communicated to the local authorities concerned.

This announcement was made by Mr. Tennant in the House of Commons last night.

With regard to the provision made for repelling hostile aircraft, Mr. Tennant mentioned that he had made it his business to go fully into the question, and he was amazed at the completeness of the arrangements made.

WOMEN COOKS TEACH "TOMMY."

There are now women cooks for officers' messes in every command throughout the country, said Lady Londonderry in an interview with *The Daily Mirror*.

The Marchioness of Londonderry is the president of the Women's Legion, which supplies women to teach the "Tommys" how to cook, supplies women cooks by the hundred for convalescent camps, and, lastly, has made the complete innovation of feminine chefs in the messes.

"Last week we sent 150 women to one camp alone," said Lady Londonderry. "We won't supply cooks for the soldiers' food, only the messes, because the men must learn to be their own cooks before they reach France."

SORRY HE HAD BEEN BORN.

A youth appeared before the Ilford Tribunal last night and asked for exemption because his nerves were bad and his mother in such a state of health that if he had to be a soldier he would never see him again. He said he wished for his own as well as his mother's sake that he had never been born.

He was told to call again in June, when he would be nineteen, and the hope was expressed that by that time his nerves would be better.

MR. BOWLES ON 'RAT.'

Sea Power Champion's Slashing Rejoinder to His Critics.

SNOW AND FLOOD ELECTION.

THE CANDIDATES.

Mr. T. G. Bowles—Independent.
Mr. Percy Harris—Coalition.

Polling to-day.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

LEICESTER, Wednesday.—To-day has been one of intermittent blinding snow showers, with a biting wind.

Mr. Bowles, who was prevented by the floods from visiting the quaysmen at Croft, visited Leicester Cattle Market, and many of the farmers gladly seized the opportunity of chatting with him. He also addressed 200 men during their mealtime at a factory just outside Leicester.

The speech made by Mr. Bowles at the big meeting at the De Montfort Hall was a rousing one.

Mr. Bowles, in humorous terms, answered his opponents who described him as a rat. "He earns his own living, sponges on nobody, and when he is attacked fights like a gentleman."

"If you want to dispose of a rat you have to get either a good terrier or a good trap."

"To rat" is a political term for honesty, and I take it as a great compliment to be called 'a rat' by a parasite."

Mr. "To rat" supporters profess to be very optimistic, but they are in reality most uneasy.

Mr. Bowles, who is quietly confident, says this election gives the voters an opportunity of saying whether or not they are satisfied with the Government's conduct of the war.

There are some fifty polling stations to be visited, and, although voting will continue until nine o'clock, it is hoped now to get the counting done at once, and to declare the result in the early hours of Friday morning.

Mr. Bowles is badly in need of more motor-cars for polling day and petrol for those cars already promised.

A lot of petrol from a sympathiser may mean votes for Mr. Bowles, and all offers of help should be sent immediately to the committees at Leicester or Market Harborough.

HAVOC AT ZEEBRUGGE.

Over 200 Germans Killed in Allied Air Raid—Batteries Damaged.

AMSTERDAM, Wednesday.—A frontier correspondent states, on what he declares to be absolutely trustworthy authority, that the damage caused by the Allies' air raid on Zebrugga, especially to the coast batteries, was very heavy.

A large number of guns were destroyed entirely and others, which suffered serious damage, have now been sent back to Essen for reconstruction.

Over 200 marines and artillerymen were killed, and the number of wounded must be very great. One hospital train which passed Ghent Station from Zebrugga contained over 350 wounded men.

It has been ascertained that some German aeroplanes were completely destroyed by the Allies' bombs while one German aeroplane which had ascended and became engaged in a fight with a French airman was shot down by him, the German officer in it being wounded.—*Continued News.*

AMSTERDAM, Wednesday.—The *Telegraf* states that a squadron of three German destroyers and some trawlers fled from Zebrugga during the aerial bombardment of the Allied coast batteries. The German officer was seen hastily returning to the harbour with another destroyer in tow.

Numerous wounded German marines were landed and conveyed the same morning from Zebrugga to *Bruges*—*Central News.*

AIRMAN V.C. A PRISONER.

Lieutenant G. S. M. Tinsall, V.C. (Royal Flying Corps) who was previously reported missing, was last night reported to be a prisoner of war.

The gallant officer was seen on the decoration last November in France, when he pursued and brought down an enemy machine. The German pilot led him over a rocket battery, but Lieutenant Tinsall dived with great skill and got to close range, thus enabling his observer to fire.

The enemy came down heavily in ploughed field and scrambled out of their machine and fled.



Lieutenant Tinsall.

MOMENTOUS CONFERENCE.

The economic conference of the Allied Powers which is to be held in Paris at an early date, will deal with the larger question of the situation which will confront the Allies after acceptable proposals of peace have been presented by the Central Powers.

Mr. Saitani, a former Minister of Finance, will probably represent Japan, says a Reuter message from Tokyo.

THE KING'S CHAT WITH BLIND.

Royal Autographs for Heroes at the Palace.

PRINCESS ARTHUR'S JOKE

The second of the three entertainments at Buckingham Palace given by the King and Queen to wounded soldiers and sailors took place yesterday afternoon.

Many of the men were only able to limp along with the aid of a pair of crutches, but they smiled bravely in response to the cheering crowds.

Tea was served in the royal mews, and the King and Queen, Princess Mary, Prince Albert and Queen Alexandra went round the tables and chatted freely with the men.

COMPLIMENT TO THE NAVY.

The King, who was in khaki the previous day, was in naval uniform yesterday, by way of a compliment to the numbers of men of the Naval Division who were present.

The Queen wore a black velvet coat with sable collar and cuffs, and her black hat had a feather of hyacinth blue. Queen Alexandra wore a posy of red roses in her black velvet gown and her furs were ermine.

Princess Mary was in a blue coat and skirt, with a blue hat encircled with variegated flowers. The Princess and Prince Albert, in naval uniform, kept very close together when they were not serving tea.

When Queen Alexandra would have taken the hand of Princess Arthur of Connaught the latter laughed and shook the teapot she was holding.

Princess Henry of Battenberg was also present, and Princess Alexandra of Teck, Queen



The Countess of Shaftesbury and Lord Althorpe, who were among the helpers.

Amelie of Portugal, her nurses' cap, waited on her own patients from the 3rd London General Hospital, Wandsworth.

The arrival of the blind soldiers from St. Dunstan's was one of the wonderful moments of the afternoon. A nurse went in front, and the men, following in single file, put each a hand on the shoulder of the man in front.

The King and Queen lingered long by their table, talking with the men who, in spite of their cheerfulness, bore the most pathetic marks of the war.

Seldom have so many of the Royal Family been present together, and someone conceived the idea of asking them for their autographs to give to the men.

Queen Alexandra sat down at the head of one of the men's tables, and wrote her name for all who passed an invitation card up to her. Men waited in a queue beside Princess Victoria as she signed card after card, and Princess Mary was completely surrounded.

The entertainment that followed the tea was a triumphal success, and the laughter was uproarious.

Some of the guests afterwards gave their impressions to *The Daily Mirror*. They were all deeply impressed by the kindness of the King and Queen.

"The Queen," said one of them, "talked so kindly to me, and at once made me feel at ease."

"What a fine, strapping fellow Prince Albert is," said another. "I think the Prince and Lord Beresford must be very 'pally,' for I heard them cracking a good joke together and laughing heartily."

FILM LESSONS FOR CONDUCTORETTES

The London General Omnibus Company inaugurated a "Safety First" Campaign yesterday by a general inspection of the new schools for "conductorettes," as they are officially called in the yard.

The conductorettes are being especially taught to increase the safety of the streets by their care in assisting passengers to alight and ascend. To this end film lectures are given daily on a specially-constructed cinema in the school.

Corresponding films are shown to illustrate the deeds of the good conductor who teaches his passengers how to descend and to cross roads, who takes care of the elderly people and the little children, and who finally rises high in the company's service.

TEXT AGAINST TEXT.

Criticising the appeal tribunals in the House of Commons last night, Mr. Snowden said one chairman had a Bible in front of him and used texts from Deuteronomy, while another paralysed conscientious objectors who quoted the Sermon on the Mount.

RUSSIANS RAINING GREAT BLOWS AT GERMAN LINE IN THE NORTH

Capture of Trenches, Villages and 1,000 Men.

ISPAHAN TAKEN.

Germans in Verdun Battle Gain Footing on Small Knoll.

ALL DAY BOMBARDMENT.

"The great offensive movement of the Russians has increased." That is the way Berlin begins its communiqué dealing with the Eastern theatre of war.

RUSSIA'S PUNCH.

Our Russian Ally, in truth, is hitting out hard. Last night's Petrograd communiqué announces a "series of actions all along the front," in which villages, positions and trenches have been wrested from the enemy at several points. Over 1,000 prisoners and twelve machine-guns have been captured.

SUCCESS IN PERSIA.

Russia's success, however, is not confined to her western front, for Isfahan, one of the most important cities in Persia, with a population of 80,000, has been taken after fighting.

THE BATTLE FOR VERDUN.

The Germans are still making fierce efforts to reach Verdun, especially in the region of Melancourt and Avocourt. They succeeded, after many attacks, in gaining a footing on the small knoll of Haucourt, which is just over half a mile from Melancourt. A fierce bombardment has also been raging in the Douaumont-Vaux region.

GALLOPER LIGHTSHIP TORPEDOED.

The Galloper Lightship, near the scene of several recent wrecks, has been torpedoed and sunk by a German submarine. This is the famous beacon thirty miles off the North Foreland, known to all night voyagers on London vessels inward and outward bound.

FRENCH FIRE STOPS MANY FOE ATTACKS.

Germans' Intense Bombardment in the Douaumont-Vaux Region.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Wednesday.—The official communiqué issued to-night says:—

In Belgium our artillery bombarded the trenches and communication trenches of the enemy's second line in the region of Steenstraete.

To the north of the Aisne we cannonaded the sector of the Villa au Bis.

In the Argonne fire was concentrated upon the German organisations to the north of the Four de Paris, at the Fille Mortes, and in the region of Montfaucon-Nantiboules.

Between the Haute Chevauchée and Hill 285 there was mine fighting in our favour. We bombarded in particular the Bois de Malancourt.

West of the Meuse, after a violent bombardment, which lasted all day, the Germans made several attacks against our front comprised between the Horn of the Avocourt Wood and the village of Malancourt.

All the attempts made by the enemy to debouch from the Avocourt Wood were stopped by our curtain and infantry fire.

The enemy succeeded in gaining a footing on the small knoll of Haucourt, a little over half a mile south-west of Malancourt.

To the east of the Meuse there was an intense bombardment of the Douaumont-Vaux region.—Reuter.

ANOTHER ONSET COMING NORTH-EAST OF VERDUN?

PARIS, Wednesday.—The following official communiqué was issued this afternoon:—

To the west of the Meuse there was a lively artillery duel in the region of Malancourt, Fennes and Hill 304, and it was particularly violent on the hill at Haucourt.

To the east of the Meuse the bombardment was intense in the region of Vaux and Damploup. There was no infantry action during the night. Calm prevailed on the rest of the front.—Reuter.

NIGHT AND DAY ATTACKS ON THE GERMANS.

Berlin Tells of Battles with Russians at Many Points.

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

BERLIN, Wednesday.—German Main Headquarters reports as follows:—

The great offensive movement of the Russians has increased in extent. The points of attack have become more numerous and the advances followed each other uninterruptedly at several points throughout the day and night.

The strongest storm attack was again directed against the front to the north-west of Postavy.

At this point enemy losses reached an extraordinarily high figure, even for the number of Russians in action.

During a successful counter-attack at a small inroad in our lines eleven Russian officers and 573 men were taken prisoners.

However, also during the many other engagements to the south-east of Riga, near Friedrichstadt, to the west and south-west of Jacobstadt,



south of Dvinsk, north of Widsy, and between the Narocz and Wisniew Lakes, our brave troops repulsed the enemy completely, inflicting the greatest possible losses upon the enemy, and during counterattacks also took away over 500 prisoners from the enemy.

The Russians did not succeed at any point in gaining any success. Our own losses are slight in all these actions.—Wireless Press.

FATE OF CZERNOWITZ.

ROME, Wednesday.—Czernowitz has been once again abandoned by the Austrians, and the Russians have crossed the River Dniester, completely overwhelming the defensive positions of the Austrian troops.—Wireless Press.

AUSTRIAN FRONT BROKEN BY RUSSIANS.

ROME, Tuesday.—According to a telegram received this evening at the Russian Embassy, the Austrian front on the Dniester has been broken. The Austrian losses are enormous and many of the troops have been drowned in the river. The Russian offensive continues with great violence.—Central News.

(AUSTRIAN OFFICIAL.)

VIENNA, Wednesday.—The activity of the enemy increased in liveliness yesterday almost on the whole of the north-eastern front.

On the Strypa and in the Kornyn district Russian infantry detachments advanced. They were driven back everywhere.—Wireless Press.



Some of the men who brought about the complete defeat of the Senusi and the surrender of Gaafar Pasha, their Turkish commander-in-chief.

RUSSIANS CAPTURE OVER 1,000 PRISONERS.

Fierce Actions in Progress Along Whole of Our Ally's Front.

(RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.)

PETROGRAD, Wednesday.—The official communiqué issued to-night says:—

Western Front.—On the whole front a series of actions is in progress.

In the Riga region, near the village of Plakken, and in the district south of Dahlen Island, our troops fought engagements with large enemy outposts.

In the Jacobstadt sector we captured, after a fight, a village and wood east of Augustinohof, as well as a wood between the forest district of Dukerneck and the village of Delveike, in the Buschhof region.

South of the Dvinsk region, after silencing the fire of the enemy batteries in the region of Meschkele, our troops captured a line of enemy trenches in the sector Mintziny-Tiet-Lake Sekly.

On the south-western shore of Lake Narocz the fighting is developing in favour of our troops who, notwithstanding the German asphyxiating gases and the enemy's murderous fire, forced three lines of wire entanglements and captured, by a series of fierce attacks, three lines of enemy trenches.

The enemy's attempts to counterattack were stopped by our fire and by our use of projectiles with asphyxiating and poisonous gases.

We are engaged in reckoning up our trophies. Up to the present we have counted seventeen officers and over 1,000 soldiers, twelve machine-guns, a searchlight and trench mortars captured.—Reuter.

ISPAHAN TAKEN.

(RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.)

PETROGRAD, Wednesday.—To-night's official communiqué states that Isfahan was taken after fighting.—Exchange.

"THIRTEENTH AIR VICTIM OF LIEUTENANT BOELKE."

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

BERLIN, Wednesday.—German Main Headquarters reports this afternoon as follows:—

Western Theatre of War.—During the work of clearing up the battlefield after the attacks of March 20 to the north-east of Avocourt and on the occasion of the capturing of further enemy trenches outside the wooded sectors, the number of unwounded prisoners captured there increased to fifty-eight officers and 2,914 men.

The artillery battles on both sides of the Meuse continued with great violence with temporary spells of weakening.

At Oberspet the French have again attempted to make up for the check they suffered on February 13. The assailants were repulsed with considerable sanguinary losses.

Three enemy aeroplanes were put out of action by our airmen in aerial engagements to the north of Verdun. Two of them came down behind our front to the north-east of Samogneux, and the third crashed down in flames behind the enemy lines.

Lieutenant Boelke has thereby brought down his thirteenth and Lieutenant Parschau his fourth enemy aeroplane.—Wireless Press.

FOE EXPLODE TWO MINES

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Wednesday, 8.28 p.m.

Last night two enemy mine explosions failed to inflict any casualties to our troops.

There was some grenade fighting in the mine craters north-east of Vermelles without changing the situation there.

To-day we successfully bombarded the enemy's position south-west of Wez Macquart with guns and trench mortars.

GRIM TRAGEDY OF TIGRIS WOUNDED.

Government Admit Lamentable Hospital Breakdown.

FULL INQUIRY ORDERED.

Admissions of a "lamentable breakdown" in the medical arrangements of the Mesopotamia campaign were made by the Government in the House of Commons last night, and a full inquiry was promised.

Colonel Tate passed some strong criticism on the state of affairs in Mesopotamia.

He contended that the force sent to Mesopotamia was insufficient, and suggested that there was also a shortage of ammunition.

This was the 165th day of the siege of Kut, and he wanted to know why reinforcements were not sent before they were in fact sent.

Mr Austen, Chamberlain in reply, paid a tribute to the bravery and endurance of the Indian and British troops engaged in Mesopotamia.

"It is not possible now," said Mr Chamberlain, "to enter into a full explanation of the circumstances of the advance, the size of the force, or the orders for reinforcements."

But I wanted to remove one misapprehension. It is a mistake to suppose that the advance was ordered in defiance of military opinion as to the sufficiency of the force with which it was undertaken.

On the contrary, all the military authorities, the General Officer Commanding in Mesopotamia, and the military authorities in India and at home, concurred in the order for an advance with the troops, which were then at the disposal of the General Officer Commanding.

"LAMENTABLE!"

I have to admit that, in my opinion, there has been a lamentable breakdown of the hospital arrangements.

"I will not seek to palliate some of the things which I have learned have taken place there, but I would beg the House to remember that this campaign has been carried on under circumstances of very great difficulty."

"There has been an abundance of hospital supplies of all kinds at Basra, but, I think, without doubt there had been a grave and, I am inclined to say, inexcusable shortage of necessary medical supplies above Basra."

"This in large part was due to the enormous difficulties of river traffic and the shortage of river transport."

"There have been some misfortunes, as some boats had been lost en route, and undoubtedly this shortage accounted for a good deal of what had happened, but not for all."

The Government of India, added Mr Chamberlain, had appointed a distinguished general and a distinguished civil servant to proceed to Mesopotamia to investigate the medical arrangements.

In regard to the last action in which the troops were engaged, he had a telegram from the General Officer Commanding to the Chief of the General Staff, in which it was reported that General Aslymer said, after the action, that he was entirely satisfied with the arrangements made for the wounded in the field and on their arrival at the base.

GALLOPER LIGHTSHIP TORPEDOED.

Only Mast Left on Spot Where Famous Sea Beacon Was Anchored.

Lloyds reported last night that the Galloper light vessel had been torpedoed and sunk.

At Ymuiden, which has arrived at Ymuiden, reports that on Sunday last she set a course for the Galloper Lightship but found that it had disappeared. Only a mast was seen above the surface of the sea.—Reuter.

The lightship was anchored off the mouth of the Thames, thirty miles north-east of the North Foreland. Her group flashing lights could be seen eleven miles distant.

HUNS' NEW SEA THREAT.

Germany is threatening new rightfulness at sea, according to reports received in shipping circles in this country.

These reports, says Reuter, come from abroad and state that some of the directors of the Holland-American Line, while in Hamburg, were informed by Herr Ballin that it was the intention of the German Government to prevent by all means in its power all steamship traffic between the British Isles and other European countries, whether neutral or not.

CHINA'S DECISION.

New York, Wednesday.—The correspondent of the Associated Press in Peking says that the State Department has issued a mandate announcing the abandonment of the Monarchy and the resumption of the Republic.—Reuter.

PRESENTED TO THE KING.

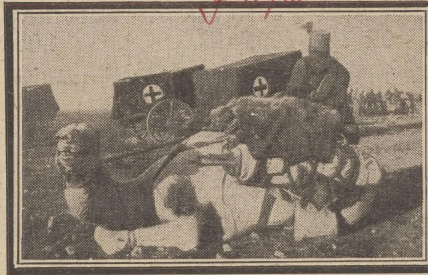


Private Myburgh, who was wounded while fighting with Botha. He captured his eight brothers, who were in the ranks of the rebels. They cried when he made them prisoners.



Private Cox, aged sixty-eight (of the Army Service Corps), who was at the Dardanelles for six months. Both he and Private Myburgh have been presented to the King.

THE CAMEL LIES DOWN.



Loading a camel attached to the British Red Cross on the Western Egyptian frontier.

MISSING MAN.



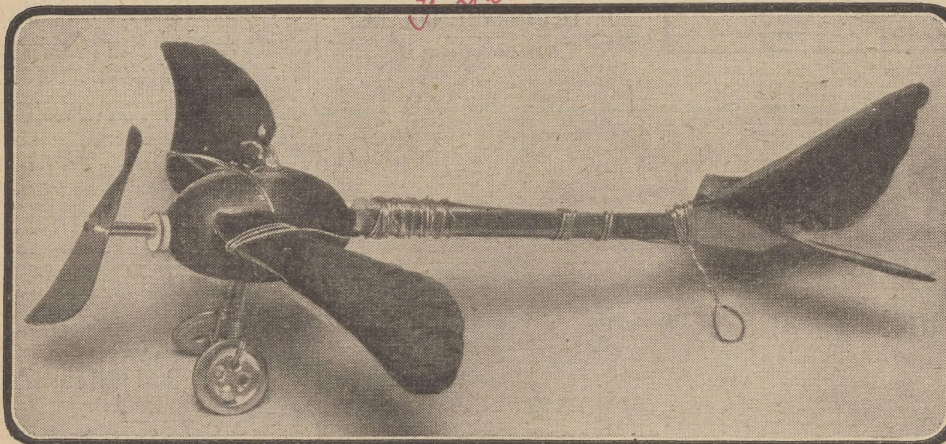
Corporal C. H. Howell, Coldstream Guards, missing since September 28, 1915. Write to his sister, Mrs. Box, Myrtle Cottage, Southwater, near Horsham.

STREATHAM D.C.M.



Sergeant Edwin Collard, of Streatham, awarded the D.C.M. He was in the service of the L.C.C. tramways department, and was at Mons and other battles.

DISABLED BELGIAN HEROES NEED SYCAMORE SEED PODS.



Toy aeroplane made at the home for disabled Belgian soldiers in Kingsway. It is composed of an acorn, a match, two shirt buttons, three sycamore seed pods and some tinfoil. Seed pods are needed.

"FETCH YOUR BREAD."



A Coudsdon baker is employing a boy who rides a donkey. Bakers in suburban districts with large rounds find the delivery problem a difficult one now labour is scarce.

FROM THE FRONT.



Found in the trenches at Vermelles. It is believed to have belonged to a man who was in the Middlesex Regiment. He has since been killed, and the sender asks *The Daily Mirror* to publish the photograph.

DEMAND FOR CANARIES.



The editor of *Cage Birds* suggests that wounded men should be taught to breed canaries. There is a large demand for these birds, and the work is easy and congenial.

Guard Your Complexion

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HOW I DARKENED MY GREY HAIR.

Lady Gives Simple Home Recipe That She Used to Darken Her Grey Hair.

For years I tried to restore my grey hair to its natural colour with the prepared dyes and stains, but none of them gave satisfaction and they were all expensive. I finally came across a simple recipe, which I mixed at home, that gives wonderful results. I gave the recipe, which is as follows, to a number of my friends, and they are all delighted with it: To 7oz. of water add a small box of Orlex Compound, 1oz. of bay rum and a 4oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist at very little cost. Use every other day until the hair becomes the required shade, then every two weeks. It will not only darken the grey hair, but removes dandruff and scalp humours and acts as a tonic to the hair. It is not sticky or greasy, does not rub off and does not colour the scalp.—(Adv't.)

HOW TO ACQUIRE SELF-CONFIDENCE, COURAGE, AND WILL-POWER.

Many men and women are held back socially, commercially, and in all other directions by a fatal lack of self-confidence, of nerve control, of coolness, courage, and that driving, achieving will-power which make some men masters over their fellow men and women.

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Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1916.

THE TWO HUGHES.

BEFORE this war introduced us into the region of sharp reality, and made powerful decision and vigorous action the qualities predominantly to gain men's praise, we suppose the visit of an Australian Premier, or of a great Canadian soldier, would have passed just as one more "notable incident in the busy London season."

The war has made a difference, in this as in everything else.

There is now no "season," socially so named. Yet Mr. Hughes is here from Australia and General Hughes from Canada. How is it that London and England turn to such men as these, not only in the way of social welcome, but earnestly, anxiously, hoping to learn from them and to be helped by them?

First, they come as fellows of our race, whose men have died fighting with ours all over the field of war. Anzac is now a name written on our minds while we live, and so is Festubert, and so are a few other great names which secure that those still greater ones, Canada, Australia, shall never have the old remote sound to us. No longer shall our Ancients and eminents at home treat the coming Colonial as a Colonial—that is, a little in the manner in which we treat a country cousin. "Mr. Hughes? Ah, yes, to be sure—pray be seated. There's Westminster Abbey to look at. Seen it? Well then go and look at St. Paul's." And the door slams, or, at best, closes discreetly.

Extinct patronage! The war has utterly abolished all that.

But, more, the war having profoundly dissipated our people at home with the dilatory legal mind, all compromise and procrastination, we now turn with a sense of refreshment to the newer points of view in men gifted with the power to seize on opportunity. These men—General Hughes and Mr. Hughes—bring a fresh breeze, a keener atmosphere. It is a relief to turn to them, to know that they are here, without recriminations, without broodings over the past; but eager to help us and to make our world-scattered peoples one. Our public has enthusiastically responded to their call, and henceforward no learned men, however aged, will be able to relegate them to remoteness—in other words, to send them back like cousins to the country, after recommending them a visit to Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's.

After the war, we shall need this new blood, this fresh thought, and this vigour in action. Canada's life-blood and Australia's dead have bound their leaders to us. We take their hands gratefully, and insist that they be called upon to counsel our work of reconstruction.

W. M.

THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

How happy is he born or taught,
Whose serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill;
Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world with care
Of prince's ear or vulgar breath;
Who God doth love and early pray
More of His grace than needs to lend;
And walks with man, from day to day,
As with a brother and a friend.
This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

—Sir H. Wotton (1639).

THE WAR ON THE AMERICAN STAGE.

HOW TO AVOID TROUBLE IN THE AUDIENCE.

By ROBERT HALE.

I HAVE just returned from a sort of "bus-man's holiday" in America. I rushed about New York and other towns for just over a fortnight, "doing" thirty theatres in the time.

I actually sat out two or three of the performances. One of the things which struck and interested me most was how they treat and reflect the war on the stage in the States. And as a good many of the shows I included in my hustle round were revues, I had plenty of chances of noting this aspect of the current productions.

Now it is scarcely necessary to point out how delicate the position of the United States is in regard to the war.

At the present time it is far and away the most

Anthem, adroitly introduced, turn embarrassment into applause, disarm criticism and preserve the nation's neutrality.

It is a very neat method of calming rising passions and turning away wrath. I saw more than one audience, roused to the boiling point of excitement by processions representing the various warring powers, switched off from the beginnings of war among themselves by the opportune unfurling of the American flag or the strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

LOUD MUSIC, PLEASE!

On one occasion the rising of the audience in honour of their National Anthem saved an unpleasant guttural person sitting next me a severe blow on the nose. When the anthem was over and I looked round for this guttural one he had gone out. Which was, perhaps, just as well, though I did meet a prominent member of Tammany who assured me: "Mr. Hale, sir, if you ever get into trouble, let me know at once. I'll get you out for anything but murder inside ten minutes." He spoke quite earnestly and seriously; he evidently fully anticipated that I should require his services. The introduc-

THE WILLIES AS WALRUS AND CARPENTER.



Were Lewis Carroll still with us, he might revise the celebrated rhymes so as to show us the Willies inviting the German people to a feast. What will happen? The Willies will swallow up all the money and all the men, till at last there'll be nothing but empty shells.—(By Mr. W. K. Macdonald.)

cosmopolitan country in the world. People of every nation swarm there, and, however the sympathies of the Americans themselves may lie, those of a vast body of the inhabitants and sojourners are very sharply and seriously divided.

There are, for example, millions of Germans and Italians living in America.

Personally I did not meet a single American who was not on the side of the Allies—privately and out of business, that is to say. Publicly and in business matters I found the popular attitude to be "Hokey for us!" to put it quite crudely. Which is, of course, in some ways, a clever way out of an awkward situation. After all, you can't argue much or get justifiably annoyed with a man who says, "See here, I am not in this war one way or the other. So I'm just looking out for myself."

This is the neutral sort of way that I found the war treated on the American stage.

Instead of cheering for either set of the belligerents the Americans cheer for themselves. The Stars and Stripes and the American National

tion of a "spectacle" showing part of the United States fleet "steaming down the Hudson" is another method of touching on the war without offending anyone's feelings or the canons of strict neutrality. This "spectacle" creates such immediate and immense enthusiasm on the part of the majority of the house that for pro-Allies or pro-German partisans to attempt any protest or counter-demonstration would be dismally hopeless.

So far as I saw and heard, little or no reference is made to actual happenings in the war or to personalities engaged in it. I heard no allusions to German submarines, Zeppelin raids, or the British Navy, for example, nor did I hear the name of the Kaiser, Joffre, Kitchener, the Grand Duke Nicholas, Von Tirpitz—anyone connected with the war, in fact—mentioned. There was a similar silence about President Wilson and his difficulties—in short, although America is in many ways so intimately concerned in the war, there is little or no taking sides about it on the stage, and surprisingly little direct reference to it at all.

LONDON HOMES.

HOW CAN THE CITY HOUSE BE ADAPTED TO NEWER NEEDS?

TOO MUCH FURNITURE.

I AGREE with Mrs. Adrian Ross in the general proposition that more money is spent in the furnishing of the modern house than ought to be necessary, and this is doubtless a matter which, when we come to organising our economies in the lean years which will follow the war, will receive the careful attention of the intending householder of moderate means.

I cannot, however, accept Mrs. Ross' remedy. It would be simply intolerable if the condition precedent to renting a house were the obligation to take over one's predecessor's "sticks," whether one liked them or not. That way would lie the negation of all individual taste, and, in most cases, a settled dissatisfaction with one's home surroundings. The real solution of the difficulty lies with the builders and architects of the immediate future. It may be said with confidence that there is not one middle-class house in 50,000 that is planned with any intelligent regard to the economising of furnishing, space, time and labour. Forty or fifty pounds, at the outside, spent by the builder in fittings, such as Mrs. Ross generally indicates, would save the tenant quite as much initial outlay in heavy furniture, and he would, in most cases, be glad to compound by paying an additional £5 rent.

Above all should the kitchen receive better attention. We have heard a great deal lately about the preventable waste of material that goes on in the English kitchen, but we hear far too little about the preventable waste of women's time, health and labour.

CHARLES COOPER.

ENGLISH SPELLING.

MISPRONUNCIATION is the parent of inaccurate spelling.

People descending to me on the ailment often speak of squinches (quins), ulcerated sore throats, and amnesia. Quite recently someone said to me, "I attended All Saints, Seven Dials, next door to the Ambassadors—the place where the Hottentots used to hide!"

Here is a new version for the Huguenots!

But the pronunciation and spelling, even of kings, can be shaky as witness Charles the Second's letter to Prince Rupert: "I believe that if you tie the two sloops that were built at Woolidge, which have my invention in them, they will outswail any of the French sloops!"

But it would be as pedantic to pronounce that place as it is modernly spelt as to sound both h's in "which."

(Rev.) HUGH POWELL, Ware.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 22.—It is a mistake to plant ramblers roses (such as Dorothy Perkins and the Crimson Rambler) against walls, for in such positions they, seldom grow in a healthy manner, and generally become mildewed. But there are many beautiful climbing roses suitable for walls. The following may be planted this month, after the soil has been thoroughly prepared:—Mme. Berard (salmon-yellow), Reve d'Or (yellow), Climbing Lady Ashton (pink), Climbing Liberty (crimson), Mons. Desir (velvety crimson), Mme. A. Carrière (creamy white), Climbing Kaiserin A. Victoria (white). E. F. T.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Virtue is distributive, and had rather pleasure many with a self-jinny, than bury benefits that might pleasure a multitude. I doubt whether even he will find the way to Heaven, that desires to go thither alone. All Heavenly pleasures are charitable. Enlightened souls cannot but disperse their rays. I will, if I can, do something for others and Heaven, not to deserve by it, but to express myself and my thanks. Though I cannot do what I would, I will labour to do what I can.—Owen Feltham.

THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER LEADS MOTOR-CAR DASH.

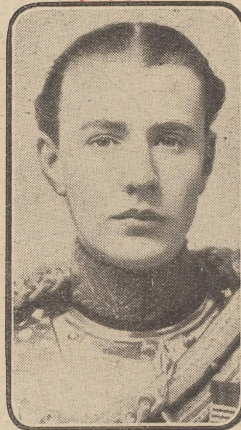


Gaafar Pasha with his uniform covered with blood.

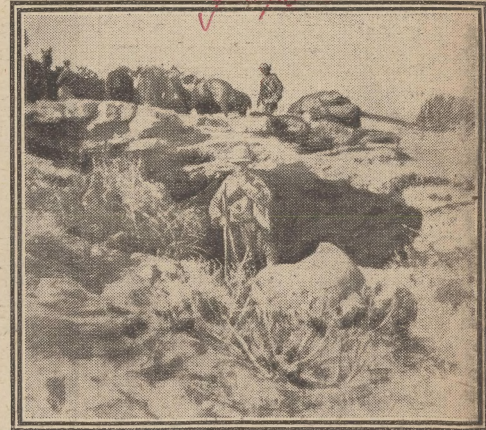
A brilliant dash by armoured motor-cars in charge of the Duke of Westminster provided a fitting finish to the last attack on the Senussi, who, thanks to the fine work by a mixed



British troops with a few of their captives. Overseas soldiers took part in the campaign.



The Duke of Westminster.



Cave in which munitions, women and children were found.



Turkish officer arrives at the British Headquarters in a motor-car after surrendering.

force, have surrendered. Gaafar Pasha, who commanded the rebels, was severely wounded by a sword thrust in the arm.

SHOWING THE SCOUTS HIS MEDAL.



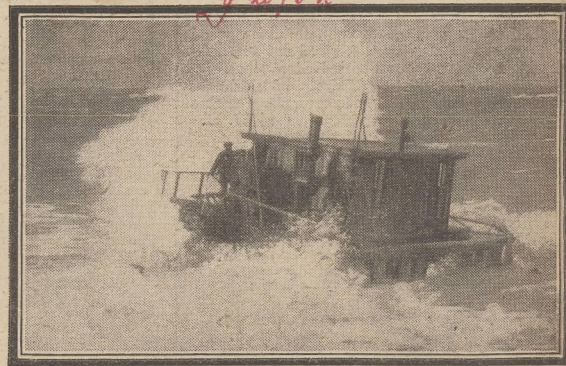
Sergeant-Major Badcock (A.S.C.), who received the Military Cross, showing his decoration to two boy scouts outside Buckingham Palace, where he was decorated.

PLUCKY OFFER.



Miss Alice Hardie, of Edinburgh, who has offered her services as wireless operator on board ship, despite the risks which have to be faced from mines and torpedoes.

FIVE LIVES LOST IN WRECK.



The wreck of the Ashiana, which was lost off the coast of Philadelphia. Two other coal barges were lost at the same time, and five men were drowned. Five others were rescued.

"PLEASE SIT DOWN": THE QUEEN'S THOUGHT FOR HER GUESTS.



A pathetic sight was the arrival of the blind men in charge of nurses.



The King again moved among his guests, chatting to men and helpers.

The King and Queen again entertained a large number of wounded at Buckingham Palace yesterday, and personally saw to the comfort of their guests. Her Majesty spoke to many



The Queen gently touches a soldier on the arm, bidding him to sit down.

of the men, and when they rose to their feet at her approach insisted upon them sitting down. (Official photographs).

BOYS' ESCAPE IN AIR RAID.



George Henry Moore (seven), Edgar Green (twelve) and Henry Bird (ten), who were on their way to Sunday school when a bomb from a Hun air raider fell in the road about ten yards from them. Though the bomb did some damage near them, they were unhurt. The youngest boy is holding a piece of the bomb which he picked up shortly after it dropped.

LONDON AIR HERO.



Mr. Malcolm Henderson, a former London bank clerk, who has been mentioned in dispatches. Despite a very severe wound in the leg, he piloted an aeroplane to safety.

BRITISH OFFICERS AT ANGORA.



They were captured by the Turks, who are reported to treat their prisoners better than the Germans.—(Official photograph.)



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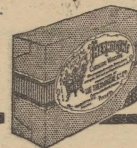
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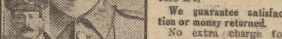
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ROSALIE

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By MARK
ALLERTON

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CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

ROSALIE GRIEVE, a pretty, vivacious girl with ideas and a will of her own.

REV. HUGH GRIEVE, Rosalie's husband, who is not a man of the world, but is very much himself a man.

ALAN WYNNE, an irresponsible, but clever, artist with the accompanying temperament.

ROSALIE GRIEVE is riding home in an omnibus. There is one young man in particular who catches her with a kind of bland interest that is disconcerting.

His interest becomes so embarrassing that Rosalie leans forward and asks him, ominously, "Do I know you?"

The young man tells her that he knows she is Mrs. Grieve. And then Rosalie remembers—He is Alan Wynne, whom she had once met when she was staying in artistic circles in Paris.

They talk over old times, and she arranges to dine with him and some artists in Soho.

When Rosalie reaches home she tells her husband of the meeting. The Rev. Hugh Grieve, who has made a great success of his career, feels a sudden antipathy. And then he remembers it is Alan Wynne who has been setting Northbury Park by the ears by his unconventionalities.

Wynne sees Rosalie home after the merry evening in Soho. Her husband is waiting for her. His face is very grave and serious. He tells her that one of his wardens has been telling him more strange stories about Wynne.

Rosalie makes no reply, and Hugh Grieve's anger rises. His remarks become more biting. He gets angrier—angrier at himself, angrier at Rosalie. Finally, he tells her that she must not see Wynne again.

The little quarrel is afterwards patched up, and Rosalie says she will not see Wynne again. But she does not actually go, though her husband, unknown to her, goes secretly. Rosalie finds this out, and goes to Wynne's studio to have her portrait painted.

Hugh Grieve discovers the visits and denounces her.

Her friends the Bettisons are going to Paris, and Rosalie has a wild longing to go with them.

WYNNE'S ARGUMENTS.

WHEN Rosalie Grieve had left the Bettisons' flat Frank and Alice went out to make a few purchases. Scarcely had they gone when Alan Wynne called. He was received by Madge Fairfield. She greeted him almost as though she had been expecting him.

"You are too late," she said, with distinct lack of cordiality. "You missed him."

"Too late for what? Missed whom?"

"I suppose you think I can't see through you?" she scoffed.

"On the contrary, I am the essence of transparency. But I don't follow you. Please explain."

"Rosalie has been here; but she has gone," said Madge Fairfield abruptly.

"Rosalie—Rosalie Grieve—has she been here? What a nuisance that I've missed her!" Then Wynne laughed. "I see now what you are driving at!" he cried. "You think I expected to find her here. You're wrong, then. Where's Frank?"

"Out—so is Dora. We leave for Paris to-night."

"To-night! I thought you weren't going for some time yet."

"We've changed our plans."

"It was impossible for Wynne to ignore her curiosity."

"What's up?" he demanded. "You are angry with me about something. What is it?"

"I'm not."

"You are. And I know why."

"Then why do you ask me?"

"Because I want to give myself the pleasure of telling you again that you are wrong. It's about Rosalie, isn't it?" He was smiling, but his eyes were very grave.

"I think you are behaving very badly." The red-haired girl turned away.

"It isn't necessary."

"I think it is. I know that you are imagining all sorts of things about me and Rosalie. I think that, for once, you are rather ridiculous."

She faced him.

"I may be ridiculous," she exclaimed, "but I'm not fool. You are in love with Rosalie."

His smile was gone. He was looking at her, very sternly.

"Well? Supposing I admit that?"

"She came up to him. 'Have you told her that?' she demanded."

His glance fell.

"You have! Oh—you—rotter!" Unutterable scorn was in her gaze.

"Before you call me names," he said harshly, "you ought to know the facts. You are Rosalie's friend, and so I can tell you."

"I don't want to know the facts," she flamed.

"How do I know that they are facts? I only know that you've done what I feared you would do. You've come between Rosalie and Hugh. That's enough for me. She loved him. He loves her. And now—you've spoilt it all."

He shook his head. "I've spoilt nothing," he said. "She still loves Hugh."

Madge Fairfield made an impatient gesture.

"Do you think that makes her any the less miserable?" she cried. "Can't you see that she's unhappy?"

Wynne was silent, remembering Rosalie's outburst in his studio.

"Can't you see it?" persisted the other.

"She's in the wrong environment," murmured Wynne.

There was nothing wrong with the environment until you put the declared girl.

"I don't know what's happened. Rosalie has not made a confidante of me. But I can guess. Hugh is not likely to be fond of you. He isn't fond of me, and I don't blame him; but I keep out of his way. He's not likely to approve of your friendship with Rosalie. And yet you try to get her to go to a ball with you. You get her to sit for her portrait. You are continually meeting her. You've admitted that. Is that fair, Alan? Is that fair?"

"I'm hanged if I can see anything wrong in it," he said doggedly.

"Perhaps nothing wrong. But everything that's indicated."

"Grieve shouldn't be such a narrow-minded fool," he growled.

"Every man is a narrow-minded fool when he suspects that another man is in love with his wife."

"You are making a mountain out of a mole-hill, Madge!"

"I'm not. If you had seen Rosalie to-day. . . . If Rosalie had seen you to-day, she would have said, 'How can you say that?' he protested.

"What on earth have I done?"

"It's enough that you've come between her and Hugh. I'm sure you've done that. Why couldn't you have left them alone? They were happy until you came on to the scene. And now Rosalie is at war with her life. You should have seen her when Dora was speaking about Paris!"

"Northbury Park and a vicarage is no sort of a life for a girl of her temperament," said Wynne gloomily.

"None of your business to suggest another," said Madge Fairfield sharply.

"Why don't you leave her alone? Why don't you go away?" Northbury Park is no place for you either. Why don't you go away? Without you and without us Rosalie would soon settle down again."

"Settle down again!" burst out Wynne. "Do you know what you are saying? Settle down again! What does that mean? I'll tell you. It means long, dull, drab days. It means the companionship of district visitors and a Phari-see of a churchwarden who dislikes and disapproves of Rosalie. It means the denial of everything that makes Rosalie's life worth living. It means that she will lose the prize of youth. It means—"

"It means that she will keep Hugh's love."

"Is that worth it all? Is any man's love worth the loss of so much?"

The girl raised her cold grey eyes to his.

"Yes," she replied firmly.

"Of course, it isn't," he exclaimed. "At least, not the love of a man who has so little sense of understanding that he demands such sacrifices."

"You think, then, that you have more sense and understanding?" she demanded.

"I don't suggest that," he replied, quickly.

"Rosalie has no feelings towards me beyond those of ordinary friendship."

"Are you sure?"

"Perfectly sure."

"Then why not go away? She won't miss you if she cares for you as little as that. Why not give my suggestion a trial? Go away and leave her to shape her own life by herself. If she doesn't find happiness again at least you will not be to blame. Alan," the girl's voice became more gentle, "why not come to Paris with us?"

"I'd trust you anywhere, Alan. It was Rosalie I was thinking of."

"You do Rosalie a monstrous injustice," he began, angrily. "There isn't a straighter girl—"

"Do you think I mean that?" she inter-

rupted. "I mean that I cannot trust Rosalie to choose the road that leads to ultimate happiness. She's so young, Alan. She's out of her element. I admit that. But I've seen her with Hugh. She'd never be happy in this life without Hugh. They've both of them got to find a compromise. There's one waiting to be found. There must be. Leave them alone to find it. You'll hate yourself for ever if you don't."

He was silent for a moment. Then: "I'll think about it," he said.

"You promise me you'll do that?"

"I promise." Then he laughed shortly.

"You talk as though you were an authority on love, Madge. What do you know about it?"

"Oh, nothing at all!" She shrugged her shoulders.

She fingered the knot of a rope that bound a trunk. Her hand shook just a little.

"WHY DON'T YOU GO?"

THE next morning's post brought Rosalie a number of letters, and among them was one from Wynne.

Dear Mrs. Grieve," it ran. "I have finished your portrait. At least, Briginshaw, who is an R.A. pot, tells me that if I do, any more at it I shall only spoil it, and I suppose his judgment is sound. He insists that I send it to the Academy. Have you any objection? Since Briginshaw likes it there won't be much chance of your suffering the humiliation of being rejected. Please let me know. In any case, I wish you would come along and see it. Drop me a note when I expect you and I'll send it. Mrs. McBain has the kettle boiling. Yours very sincerely, Alan Wynne."

"P.S.—I've decided to go to Paris after all. I leave on Monday, so come this week if you can.—A. W."

It was the postscript that sent a stab into Rosalie's heart. So he was going away. She could not bear to think how much she would miss him.

She knew that she was not in love with Alan Wynne, nor in any danger of falling in love with him. She knew equally well that his friendship was so dear to her that the losing of him meant a slice out of life.

She had enjoyed their frequent meetings. Since his first and last lapse his attitude towards her had been impeccable. They had talked merrily of old times, of the queer world of art and artists. The scents and sights of the studio were like strong wine to her, invigorating her, sending her back to the vicarage with a heart that beat the faster and eyes bright with appreciation.

The Bettisons were going away; Madge Fairfield was going away; Alan Wynne was going away. By next Monday she would be alone. There would not be one single soul in all London to whom she could go with any hope of meeting understanding. She would spend her days in this awesome atmosphere of rectitude of manners and conduct. There was nothing else to be done.

She had not broached to Hugh the question of what was to be done. Procrastination was so easy that it came to appear to her as the better plan. Something would happen by then. It was not to be contemplated that she and Hugh could keep up this attitude of polite hostility for ever.

Alan Wynne was going away, and he wanted her to see her portrait before he went. Rosalie did not hesitate in deciding. Of course, she would go. If she did not, it would almost be an acknowledgment that she had done wrong in going to him. Besides, Hugh seemed now to have lost all interest in her doings. Any inquiries that he made were couched in terms of polite indifference. The "rubbing along" process demanded that.

Straightway she scribbled a note to Wynne. She would call, she wrote, the following afternoon. She was delighted to hear that Mr. Briginshaw liked the portrait.

There was a pillar-box near to the vicarage gate, and Rosalie decided to post the letter herself. There was nothing else to do. The hours were interminably long.

As she passed Hugh's study he came out of the room.

"Do you know where the telephone directory is, Rosalie?" he asked.

(Continued on page 11.)

THE NEW
TRIANGULAR
Cedar Mop
WITH
ADJUSTABLE
HANDY-HANDLE-HINGE
Impregnated
with cedar oil
Price—5s 2d.

CLEANS as it Polishes.
Gets into the Corners

and does in a few minutes every morning (without stooping or kneeling) work that hitherto necessitated a special day.

FREE TRIAL.

Deposit the price 5s. 2d. with your dealer, and if after a few days you are not satisfied, your money will be returned. This guarantee applies also to the 4s. 2d. and 3s. 3d. Mops. The Mop is supplied impregnated with O-Cedar Polish.

When your Mop gets dry feed it with O-Cedar Polish

BE SURE IT'S O-Cedar

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The history of that wonderful old remedy, Singleton's Eye Ointment, is contained in my book, "How to Preserve Your Eyesight," which is full of facts, hints and suggestions for all who value their sight. Tells how to cure inflammation, styes, ulcers, falling cataracts, watery eyes, cold in the eyes, weak eyes after scarletina, measles, etc. Singleton's Eye Ointment is used by British soldiers in the trenches for after effects of gas. Of all chemists in ancient pedestal pots, 2s. 3d. But it must be SINGLETON'S. Post free direct, 2s. 5d. Foreign postage extra. To obtain book free mention "Daily Mirror" and send to Stephen Green, 210, Lambeth Road, London.



Take This Restful Chair!

These handsome Chairs, adjustable to three positions, are beautifully upholstered in soft Corduroy Velvet (in Art shades of Red, Blue, Green, Grey and Buff), and are thoroughly well made with comfortable spring seat, loose cushion back, and strong frame of solid oak (dark or fumed), very durable in wear. Adjustment is simplicity itself—just a light rod to move, that will

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WRINKLALESSA.

HAS IT STRUCK YOU that even ONE wrinkle adds years to your age? Wrinkles multiply so fast, once started, that thousands of ladies look, and their friends believe they are, years and years older than they really are. **WRINKLALESSA**, applied before retiring, will vastly improve your looks and take 10 years off your age. You don't wait months for the change. **WRINKLALESSA** acts like magic. Even in one night you will be astonished at the difference your mirror will reveal. A smooth velvety skin that you be proud of, and you will look and feel younger. In fact, **WRINKLALESSA** puts back the clock at least ten years. Not a skin food but a wrinkle remover. Get a jar to-day and begin riding yourself of wrinkles, lines under the eyes, or crow's-feet, this very night. You will be delighted and your friends will remark on your young looks. Sent in plain wrapper, price 1/6 per jar (double size 3/6) post free from the Pruders' Universal Association, 26, Charing Cross Road, London.

At the approach of hostile flying machines, the French anti-aircraft artillery set the fuses for the Hun plane. The photograph shows the range-finders with the gun in the rear.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP



Sir Frank Lascelles.

Preparation Time.

I suppose the man who can tell us most about preparation time in Germany is Sir Frank Lascelles, who celebrates his seventy-fifth birthday to-day. After being in our Diplomatic Service for thirty-five years, Sir Frank went to Berlin in 1895 and remained there as Ambassador until 1908. What official secrets he carries locked in his memory!

Politics Rather Than Law.

I hear that Westminster is likely to see a good deal of Sir Edward Carson in the near future, while the Law Courts will see less. His illness was more severe than a good many people imagined, but he's pretty fit again now, and his activities, I'm told, are going to be mainly political.

More Ginger.

This will probably ginger up the "Ginger Groups," for although they've been pretty active behind the scenes they've had no strong, forceful personality as leader. Sir Edward certainly answers that description. And then there's "Winston."

Factory Trips.

The Munitions Ministry seems to be a very "live" department. The latest idea, I hear, is for parties of M.P.s to visit works in various parts of the country to see the miraculous progress that has been made. "L. G." knows the value of letting the House learn at first hand what he had to do and how he's doing it.

More Hughes.

Thirty-three Pressmen called at the Hotel Cecil within an hour to interview the Australian Prime Minister. The motto of the moment in Fleet-street is "Hughes is news."

Lord Lytton's Brother.

I am sorry to hear that the Hon. Neville Lytton, now a major in the 11th Sussex, has been wounded in battle. He is a man of many parts—all of them excellent.

Tennis Champion and Artist.

A clever musician and painter—he had for years his own studio in Chelsea, as well as his hard court at Crabbet Park—he is also a champion tennis player of England. He believes in and practises the "simple life," and encourages his children to do the same—as becomes the chairman of the National Food Reform Association since its establishment eight years ago!

"Margot Asquith."

One hardly recognises the owner of the familiar signature, "Margot Asquith," in the "Emma Alice Margaret" which Mrs. Asquith gave as her full baptismal appellation in the Law Courts. I wonder how many baby girls have been given the pretty name of Margot since the days when the brilliant Miss Margot Tennant took intellectual and social London by storm and married England's Home Secretary and future Prime Minister!

Russians Fit.

I met a couple of Russian friends yesterday evening and found them in the highest of spirits. Although we heard little of Russia during the winter, our Ally has been tremendously fit. Authoritative people tell me that the Russian Army is in a much finer and fitter position now than at the beginning of the war.

Alexieff's Turn.

Everybody is praising General Alexieff, who has literally transformed the Russian Armies. Alexieff is not a copybook soldier, nor is he a hustler. Outwardly he seems a leisurely man, who takes his time. In reality he is a terrific worker, and he is going to do wonderful things this spring.

Cartoonist's Generosity.

Lady Horlick is lending her house on Carlton House-terrace for a concert which Lady Hunter is organising on Friday next for the French Wounded Emergency Fund. There will be plenty of first-rate talent at the concert, and a novel feature will be the disposal of a cartoon by the famous Dutchman, M. Raemaekers, who has given a specimen of his work, to be drawn for by those purchasing programmes.

Mamm 'n Matinees.

Mammoth matinees are the order of the day. First there is the command Shakespeare performance at Drury Lane, then Miss Mary Anderson and Miss Ellen Terry at the old Vic, and afterwards enormous affairs organised, one by Miss Lilian Braithwaite and another, on June 9, by Miss Lillah McCarthy.

Back from "the Grave."

Miss Florence Lloyd, who is playing in "Caroline" and is famous for her Cockney studies, tells me she has just come back from that torrid spot, East Africa, where her husband was for some years—he is in the Army and an acting-colonel. Miss Lloyd went trekking and travelled to places that have never been visited by white folk before and did not have a touch of fever.

A Plucky Actress.

During the filming of a play in Australia recently a pioneer and his newly-wed bride arrived at the spot where they were to build their home in the bush. Both then knelt and simulated prayer. The cinematographer noticed the woman's changing expression and urged her to hold the devotional mood. This she did until the scene was finished. Then she fainted. She had been kneeling on an ant-bed.

Popular Shopping.

To popularise personal shopping I suggest that Mlle. Andre Mielly, of "L'Enfant Prodigé" fame, should do her marketing with her next little maid and basket, somewhere handy like the Soho Market, and we would all fall in and follow her. Mlle. Mielly assures me smart women do their own shopping in Paris. Here is an opportunity for her to set the fashion in London.

Resting.

Lady Forbes-Robertson, I regret to hear, has to go into a nursing home for a week or so. She has been working too hard of late, and has been ordered a rest. By the way, her salary for the week she put in at the Victoria Palace was devoted to the Star and Garter Hospital.

"Samples"—Second Edition.

It looks as if "Samples" is in for a long run at the Vaudeville. A "revised version" of Mr. Harry Grattan's revue was put on on Tuesday night. There are a good many alterations. Mr. Davy Burnaby replaces Mr. Bert Coote, and Miss Billie Carlton makes a welcome addition to the cast. I noticed that the knockabout humour of the Terry Twins proved as infectious as ever. The hilarity in the stalls was positively indecorous.

A War Worker.

This is a charming portrait of the Lady Doreen Browne, the youngest daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Sligo. She is very popular in Irish and London society.



Lady Doreen Browne.

and has done any amount of war work, especially in connection with the Prisoners of War Fund. Her sister, Lady Moya Campbell, lost her husband at the beginning of the war.

Mrs. Colefax.

I hear that Mrs. H. A. Colefax, wife of the eminent patents K.C., is very busy with her work in connection with the Star and Garter Red Cross Fund. Thanks to Mrs. Colefax's efforts, Mr. Bernard Partridge was persuaded to execute a fine cartoon for the cause.

Some Aeroplano.

A friend of Santos-Dumont tells me of a giant aeroplane which is being built under his supervision in America. A triplane, with 1,000-h.p. engines, it will carry thirty persons at a speed of 150 miles an hour. It measures 130ft. from tip to tip, and is 68ft. long. What about the Atlantic crossing?

Victim of "Kultur."

It seems a rather strange irony of fate that Miss Dorothy Holmes-Gore should be playing the part of the German Fräulein Elsa Kolpeck in "Kultur at Home" at the Court Theatre. For it was owing to "Kultur" that her father, Captain Arthur Holmes-Gore, of the Hampshire, was reported killed at the Dardanelles. Heredity does not always "tell" in the matter of theatrical talent, but when I saw and heard little Miss Holmes-Gore the other evening I felt that she has inherited much of the talent of her distinguished father.

Miss Dorothy Holmes-Gore.

Mr. Esmond and the Tree.

A friend of mine was telling me that when Mr. H. V. Esmond was planning some additions to his pretty country place his architect, pointing to a fine tree near the house, said: "That tree comes down, of course." Whereupon Mr. Esmond, who is nothing if not emphatic, sprang to his feet exclaiming: "No, sir. God made that tree!" And the tree is there to-day, and a beautiful one it is.

Mr. H. V. Esmond and His Tidy Wife.

At a poker party Mr. Esmond gave some time ago I hear that in the course of the game Mr. Esmond placed a couple of fivers on an adjacent table. Also, as the game progressed, the covers of some fresh packs of cards. Mrs. Esmond, coming in to see how things were getting on, saw the "untidy table" and at once threw the lot into the fire!

"B. P.'s" Strong Criticisms.

Mr. Pemberton Billing made his second speech in the House of Commons last night, and once again proved a great draw. He spoke with much less restraint than on the former occasion, lashing out with a vigour which stung Mr. Tennant severely and brought white-hot words of remonstrance from the Under-Secretary's lips. I noticed Mr. Balfour strolled into the Chamber shortly after the airman rose and listened with close attention to his elaborate criticisms and suggestions.

The "Little Airties."

There was one phrase in Mr. Billing's speech which one fine day will, I predict, be widely used by politicians. He spoke of "Little Airties." The term greatly tickled the House last night, but the "Little Navyites" did not look particularly pleased with it.

"Inexcusable Deficiencies."

But for Mr. Billing's sensational speech a good deal more would have been heard in the lobby last night about Mr. Chamberlain's extraordinarily frank confession on the subject of the "lamentable breakdown" of the hospital arrangements for the treatment of the wounded in Mesopotamia. The phrase, "Inexcusable deficiencies," certainly prepares the House for some disquieting revelations, though the Minister for India afterwards explained that he did not know the whole of the facts.

A Popular Minister.

Listening to Mr. Chamberlain, I was startled by his ever-increasing resemblance to his distinguished father. His speech last night was one of the most interesting I have heard from a Cabinet Minister for many months, and it lost nothing from the fact that it was delivered without a single note. It was Mr. Chamberlain's first appearance in the House since his illness. His colleagues seemed very pleased to see him back again.

Getting Ready for "Civvies."

A Yorkshire friend who is a woollen manufacturer tells me that preparations are being made for peace in the not distant future. The problem of providing 4,000,000 soldiers with civilian clothes will be no small one, but British manufacturers will not be far behind. One thing, however, is certain—suits will be dearer in future.

THE Theatrical Wedding.

Sir Charles Wyndham's marriage with that charming woman who is known to the footlights as Miss Mary Moore came as no surprise to most of us. The happy event has been expected for some weeks. All happiness to Sir Charles and Lady Wyndham.

THE RAMBLER.

A REMARKABLE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

Specialist's Advice to a Reader.

For nearly ten years I suffered the excruciating torture of articular, muscular and acute inflammatory rheumatism. After trying various advertised remedies without benefit I was very much discouraged, until one day I consulted a famous specialist, who told me to occasionally flush out my badly deranged kidneys, and when they were eliminating uric acid as they normally should, all my rheumatic symptoms would soon disappear. On his advice I drank twice daily a tumbler of water containing about a level teaspoonful of common Alkai Saltrate; and within two days my kidneys felt better, my lumbago and sciatic pains had entirely vanished, and my swollen joints were less painful and greatly reduced. I continued two weeks longer, and during several months that have passed since then, not a trace of kidney trouble or rheumatism has returned, even my formerly gouty foot now being entirely cured. The remarkable compound which, as pure Alkai Saltrate, can be procured in any chemist, consists of the refined deposits or precipitates obtained by evaporation of the waters from certain natural curative medicinal springs, and it is not at all expensive. Only a few ounces will be required, and in its pure refined state it is practically tasteless to drink, yet as a uric acid solvent and eliminant its powers are truly amazing.—J. L. C.—(Adv't.)

SAYS PHOSPHATE RESTORES NERVOUS ENERGY.

Lack of nervous energy or vitality is almost invariably responsible for physical weakness, debility, neurasthenia, sleeplessness, mental depression and countless other similar ills and complaints which make life a burden for millions of men and women. All these troubles quickly disappear when the depleted nervous energy and vitality are restored. This can be done by taking three times a day a five-grain food phosphate tablet known among chemists as *bisphosphate*, which they claim is the only form of phosphate that supplies that phosphoric element necessary to nerve strength and that is actually converted into living nerve tissue. That this claim is justified is proved by the remarkable results following its use. Within a week or ten days after beginning the use of *bisphosphate* sleeplessness usually disappears, thin people put on flesh, strength returns to shrunken muscles, sunken cheeks fill out, the eyes become bright, and life becomes what it should be—worth living. Try it and see.—(Adv't.)

LOSING HER LOOKS.

To be run-down in health and to lose their attractiveness is the double misfortune of many girls. Their pallid cheeks and dull eyes tell everyone that they are doomed to days of wretched headache and are victims of breathlessness and bloodlessness.

The anemic girl, if she neglects her health, may be a sufferer all her life; for an active, happy woman cannot but help you, but the cure you need most promptly is new blood. You may have little appetite, your nerves may keep you awake at night, your debility may make recreation difficult, but these are all signs that you must make your blood rich and red, and so renew your health by refilling your veins.

Good, new blood in abundance, such as makes all the difference between sound health and uncertain health to girls and women, is supplied by Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people. Begin them to-day by obtaining a supply from your dealer; only ask for Dr. Williams'.

FREE.—Fair sufferers should read "Plain Talks," a medical guide for women, offered free to all who send a postcard request to Hints Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London.—(Adv't.)

LADIES! TRY IT! HAVE THICK WAVY, BEAUTIFUL HAIR.

Every particle of dandruff disappears and hair stops coming out.

Draw a moist cloth through hair and double its beauty at once.

Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and beautiful as a young girl's after a "Danderine Hair Cleanse." Just try this—moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt and excessive oil and in just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair.

Besides dissolving every particle of dandruff; cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, forever stopping itching and falling hair.

But what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use when you will admit to a new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair growing all over the scalp. If you care for pretty, soft hair, and lots of it, be sure to get a bottle of Knowlton's Danderine, and just try it. Of all chemists, 1/3 and 2/3. No increase in price.

Save your hair! Beautify it! You will say this was the best shilling you ever spent.—(Adv't.)

"The Hardest Lot of All": By Mr. Bottomley in "Sunday Pictorial"

THE Best of All Sunday Newspapers is the "Sunday Pictorial." : : :

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A MILITARY WEDDING.



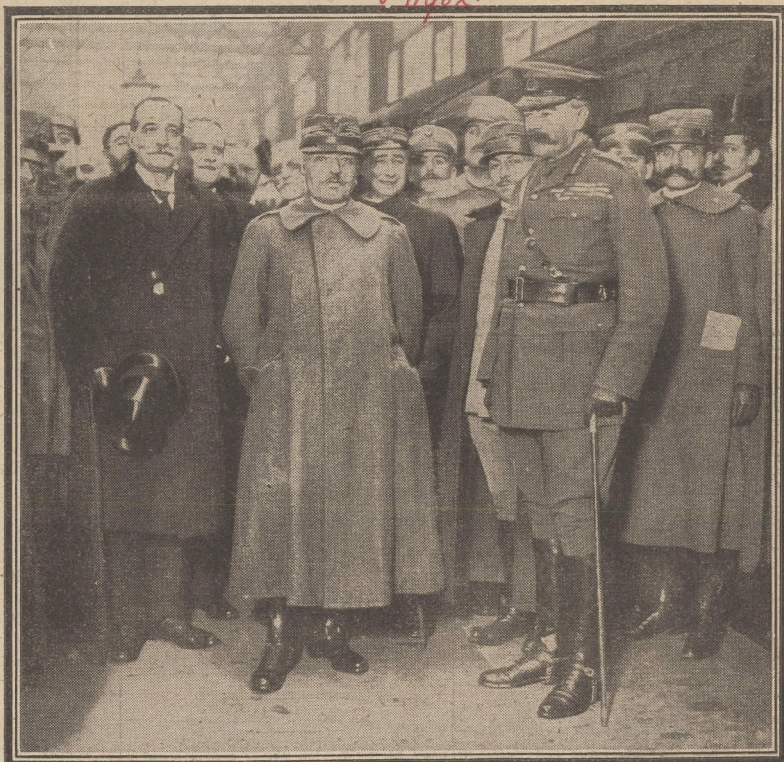
Mr. Hardress Vallance (late of the London Scottish) and Miss Vivienne Drew, of Calcutta, India, whose marriage has just taken place.

ANOTHER HOTEL COMMANDEERED.



Royal Flying Corps mechanic on duty outside Carter's Hotel, Albemarle-street, which is to be used as offices by the London Air Defence Department.

GENERAL CADORNA ARRIVES IN LONDON.



General Cadorna, the Italian Commander-in-Chief, at Charing Cross Station yesterday. He is seen with Lord Kitchener and the Italian Ambassador.

IS IT SOMETHING ABOUT THE NAVY?



Group of electors listening eagerly to what Mr. Gibson Bowles has to tell them. He is the independent candidate for Market Harborough, where polling takes place to-day.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

THREE HEROIC WAR DEEDS.



Major the Hon. N. S. Lytton, brother of Lord Lytton, wounded.—(Elliott and Fry.)



Sergeant W. S. Collis, awarded D.C.M. He brought up ammunition under heavy fire.



Major V. A. Barrington-Kennett (R.F.C.), missing. His brother was killed.—(Downey.)

LANCASHIRE'S PIT BROW GIRLS.



War or peace, these girls have always done men's work. And as a class they are as healthy and happy as can be.